

Celebrating Australian Playwriting



Australian Script Centre



# Blind Faith

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by Trudy Hellier

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EXTRACT

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THE MAN AND WOMAN SIT ON EITHER SIDE OF THE STAGE, LIT BY THE REFLECTION FROM A COMPUTER SCREEN A KEYBOARD SITS IN FRONT OF THEM. THE REST OF THE STAGE IS DARK AND WE DO NOT SEE JENNY AND ETHAN WHO STAND UP STAGE.

WE HEAR THE SOUND OF KEYBOARDS TAPPING AS THE WOMAN TYPES, NOW AND THEN STOPPING TO RE-READ WHAT SHE HAS WRITTEN. AFTER A FEW MOMENTS THE MAN STARTS TO READ FROM HIS COMPUTER SCREEN, SHE IS SENDING A MESSAGE.

MAN

(READING)

It must be three in the morning; it's very quiet, nothing on TV  
I can't sleep, it smells like rain, it's coming from the north, from  
you.  
I'm thinking about you.....

THE WOMAN STOPS TYPING, THE MAN CONTINUES TO READ A DELAYED EFFECT.

THE MAN STARTS TYPING AND MOMENTS LATER THE WOMAN READS.

WOMAN

(READING)

I envy the clouds that will see you before I do, the rain that will  
touch your skin. I'm fucking bursting, don't think I can wait.

THE WOMAN TYPES AND THE MAN READS

MAN

I drenched myself in the rain, the same rain that fell on you,

JENNY COMES FORWARD WITH A DRINK SHE LOOKS AROUND AND CHECKS HER WATCH, POSITIONS 2 SEATS, SITS DOWN, ARRANGES HER CLOTHING AND SIPPS HER DRINK. THE MAN CONTINUES TO READ AND JENNY IS LISTENING, BUT HIS VOICE IS IN HER MEMORIES. SHE GETS UP AND TRIES OUT THE OTHER SEAT, THE POSITIONS NOT AS GOOD, SHE RETURNS TO HER ORIGINAL SEAT.

MAN(Cont.)

I felt you, wet on my skin. Soaking my clothes, my hair....  
Felt you run down my body, a small puddle on the floor, I drank it,  
every last drop and now you're inside me...in liquid form.

THE MAN STARTS TO TYPE AND AFTER A MOMENT THE WOMAN SPEAKS HAVING RECEIVED HIS MESSAGE. JENNY CONTINUES TO RELIVE THE MEMORIES.

WOMAN I feel you flowing through my veins, pumping my heart at a million beats per minute.  
Tomorrow night, Jesus, the thought of it, after all this time, it's almost too much...If I let myself...if I go there...Touch you, Oh God it feels so good.

LIGHTS COME UP ON JENNY WAITING SHE SMILES AT THE MEMORY, LOOKS AROUND, FEELING COMFORTABLE, CONFIDENT. THE SOUNDS OF A RESTAURANT, MUSIC PEOPLE TALKING. SHE TRIES THE OTHER SEAT, THEN RETURNS TO HER OWN.

JENNY A familiar environment, home territory, home game advantage. He'll be a stranger here, won't know where the toilet is he'll have to ask.  
(SHE LAUGHS AT THE THOUGHT, BUT ABRUPTLY STOPS)  
Oh God, Will he ask me?  
I never thought of that.

SHE SCANS THE ROOM AND LEANS OVER TO ASK SOMEONE POSSIBLY SITTING AT ANOTHER TABLE.

JENNY(Cont.)  
Excuse me? Yeah hi, um sorry to interrupt, but do you know where the men's toilets are?  
It's for a friend, he's not actually here yet, but when he gets here I imagine he'll ...um...ah...never mind.

SHE SHRINKS BACK INTO HER CORNER, STILL FOR A MOMENT. SHE TAKES SOME COMFORT IN REMEMBERING THE PREVIOUS NIGHT.  
THE LIGHTS COME BACK UP ON THE MAN AND WOMAN AS SHE BEGINS TO TYPE AND HE IN TURN READS.

MAN It's three forty five now, the rain's gone, I've given up on sleep, the thought of meeting you tomorrow makes it impossible....

JENNY CHECKS HER WATCH AND LOOKS AROUND.